

Coopers' Clarksbury Register.

WILLIAM P. COOPER,

VOL. VI.—NO. 31.

CLARKSBURG, FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1857.

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

WHOLE NO. 291.

TERMS.

Cooper's Clarksbury Register is published at Clarksbury, Va., every Friday morning, at \$2.00 per annum, in advance, or at the expiration of six months from the time of subscribing; after which \$2.00 will be charged.

No subscription will be received for a less period than six months.

Advertisements will be inserted at \$1.00 per square of twelve lines for the first three insertions, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion.

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Marriages and Deaths inserted gratis.

All communications, to insure attention must be accompanied by the author's name and post-paid.

SUT LOVEGOOD'S SHIRT.

BY S.—L. OF TENN.

The first one I met was "Sut," (after crossing the Hiwassee) "weaving along" in his usual rambling, uncertain gait, his appearance at once satisfied me that something was wrong. He had been sick—whipped in a fight or was just out-growing one of his big drunks. But upon this point I was soon enlightened.

"Why, Sut, what's wrong now?"

"Heep's wrong; darn my skin ef I haint most dead. Lite off on that ar hoss, George, an' take a horn, while I take two, (shaking that everlasting flask at me,) an' plant yourself on that ar log, an' an' I'll tell you ef I ken, but it's most be- yont tellen. I reckon I'm the darndest fool outen Utau, scep my dad, for he acted hoss, and I haint done that yet—al- lers in some trap that couldn't ketch a sheep. I'll drown myself some of these days; see ef I don't, jest to stop a fam- ily disposition to make d—d fools on themselves."

"How is it, Sut—have you been beat playing cards, or drinking—which is it?"

"Nary one; that can't be did in these parts; but seein' I'm you, George, I'll tell you; but I swar I'm 'shamed—sick—sore-ry, and—mad, I am."

"You know I boards with Bill Carr, in his cabin on the mountain, and pays for sich as I gits when I hev money, and when I heven't eny, why he takes one third up iver me in cussin; and she, that's his wife, Betts, takes out tother two thirds with the battlin' stick, and the intrust with her tongue, and the intrust's more'n the principal—heap more. She's the cussedest woman I ever seed eny how far jaw, breedin' and pride. She can scold a blister onto a bull's face, rite on the curl in two minits. She outbreeds everything on the river—and patterns arter every fashion she hears tell on, from busels to briches. Oh! she's one of 'em, and sometimes she's two or three.—Well, ye see, I'd got some home-made cotton truck, to make a new shut outen, and coaxed Bett to make it, and about the time it wur dun, here come Lawyer Johnson along and axed for brekfus—I wish it had pizened him, darn his hide, and I wonder it didn't, for she cooks awful mixins when she tries. I'm pizen proof myself, (holding up his flask and peeping through it,) ar I'd been ded long ago."

"Well while he wur a eatin', she spied out that his shut was stiff, an' mighty stick; so she never rested till she wormed it outen him that a four preparation did it, and she got a few perticulars about the proceedings too, outen him by 'oman's art—I don't know how she did it, perhaps az does. Arter he left, she sot in and biled a big pot ov paste, nigh unto a peck ov it, and soused in my shut, an' let it soak awhile; then she tuck it and ironed it out flat and dry, and set it upon its edge agin the cabin in the sun. Thar it stood as stiff as a dry hoss hide an' it rattled like a sheet of iron, it did. I wur pased together all over. When I cum to dinner, nuthin would du but I must put it on. Well, Betts and me got the thing open arter sum hard work, she pullin' at one of the tails and me at tuth-er, and I got into it. Durn the everlastin' new fangled shurt, I say. I felt like I'd crawled into an old bee gum and hit full of d—d ants; but it wur like Lawyer Johnson's—I stood it like a man, an went to work to bild Betts an ash-hopper. I worked powerful hard and sweat like a hoss, an when the shut got wet it quit its hurtin'. Arter I got dun, I tuck about four fingers of red dew and crawled up into the cabin loft to take a snuse."

"Well, when I waked up I thot I was ded, or had the cholery, for all the jints I could move wur my ankles, wrists, and knees—couldn't even move my head and scarcely wink my eyes—the cussed shut wur pased fast unto me all over, from the pint of the tails to the pint of the broad-ax collars over my years. I sot me as close as a poor cow does to her hide in March. I squirmed and strained till I got it sorter broke at the shoulders an el- bowes, an then I dun the darndest fool thing ever did in these mountains. I shuffled my breeches off and tore loose from my hide about two inches of the tail all round in much pain and tribu- lation. Oh! but it did hurt. Then I tuck up a plank outen the loft an hung my legs down thro the hole and nailed the edge of the front tail to the edge ovs the floor before, and the hind tail I nailed to the plank what I sot on. I unbottened the collar and the ribstards, raised my hands way up above my head; shot up my eyes, sad grace and jumped thru to the ground floor."

Here Sut ruminated sadly.

"George, I'm a durnder fool than ever dad wur, Hoss, Hornets, an all. I'll drown myself sum ov these days, see ef I don't."

"Well, go on, Sut; did the shirt cum off?"

"I—th—ink—it—d—id. I hearn a sort ov noise sorter like tain"

a shingle ruf off ov a house all at once, and felt like that my boards an bones wur all that reached the floor. I stag- gered in my feet and took a look up at the shut. The nails all hilt their holt, and thar it wur hanging arms down, in- side out as stiff as ever. It looked like a map ovs Mexico jist after one ovs the worst battles—a patch ovs my hide about size ovs a dollar and a half bill here; a bunch ovs my har about the size ovs a bird's nest thar; then some more skin; then some paste; then a little more har; then a heap ovs skin; an then more har; then skin; an so on all over that durned newfangled, everlastin' infernal cuss ovs a shut. It wur a picture to look at—an so wur I. The hide, har and paste wur about eckally divided tweeken me an hit. Wonder what Betts, durn her, tho't when she cum home an found me missin. Speck she thinks I crawled into the thick- ets an died ovs my woons. It must av scared her good, for I tell you it looked like the skin of some wild beast torn off alive, or a bag what had kerried a load ovs fresh beef from a shootin match."

"Now George, ef ever I ketch that Lawyer Johnson out, I'll shoot him, an ef ever an 'owmen talks about flat-nin' a shut for me agin, darn my everlastin' pucker, ef I don't flatten her. It's a rib- ution, sartin, the biggest kind ovs a preacher's regular ribtution. Du you mind my drivin ove dad thro' that ho- nets nest, an then racin over him in the kreek?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is what comes ovs it. I'll drown myself some these days, ef I don't die from that awful shut. Take a horn, an don't you try a sticky shut as long as you live."

The Origin of the word "Rotunda."

John Phoenix gives the following hu- morous account of the origin of the word "rotunda":

"The origin of the word 'rotunda' is singular and not generally known. At the risk of appearing pedantic, I will 'no- tate' it."

"Many years ago, shortly after the foundation of Rome, a distinguished ar- chitect of those days, named Claudius Vitellius Smithers, erected the first build- ing that ever was surmounted by a dome. This building was intended for a 'savings institution,' but the Roman that officiated as cashier having left with the funds, it was used successively as a market house, dance-house, theatre, and Presbyterian meeting house, and finally fell into de- cay, and became a mass of ruins. Such it remained until the time of the Emperor Alexander Severus, when that monarch, one day, accompanied by his courtiers, came down to examine the ruins, with a view to purchase the lots on which they lay. Here the emperor's eye was attracted by the fallen dome, which he gazed on with great curiosity, and finally pick- ing his steps over the stones and rubbish that intervened, he found his way be- neath it."

"The ancient Romans had the same par- tiality for cheap distinction that animates the modern Yankees; they lost no oppor- tunity of leaving their autographs in all public and private places; the consequence was, that when the Emperor looked up he was amazed at the number of inscriptions that the interior of the old dome pre- sented. It was quite black with ancient and respectable appellations. 'Ha! I said the Emperor, with the air of a man has made a great discovery, (and an utter disregard of all grammatical rules,) it's been wrote under!'"

"His principal courtier, Nasso Sackelli- us, immediately repeated the remark, with a sycophantic reverence, to the by- standers, getting about as near to it as that stupid official generally did to any- thing. 'The Emperor,' he said, 'says this has been a rotunda. Hats off!'"

"The Romans all bowed with great solemnity, not having the most dim or distant idea of the joke, and the interior of a dome from that day to this has been called a rotunda."

Letting Down the Aristocracy.

The elegant Miss Mason, whose father had made a splendid fortune as an enter- prising draper and tailor, appeared at the magnificent entertainment in royal appa- rel. With that fastidious exclusiveness for which the latest comers into fashion- able circles are the most remarkable, she refused various introductions, as she did not wish to extended the number of her acquaintances: "her friends were very select."

The beautiful Miss Taylor, radiant with good natured smiles, and once well ac- quainted with Miss Mason when they went to public school in William street together, noticed the hauteur of her an- cient friend, who was determined not to recognize one who would only remind her of her former low estate. But Miss Tay- lor, the rogue, as clever, as she was pretty, determined to bring her up with a short turn, and not submit to being snubbed by one whose ancestral asso- ciations were no better than her own. Watching her chance when the haughty young lady was in the midst of her set, Miss Taylor walked up, and with smiles of winning sweetness remarked:

"I have been thinking, my dear Miss Mason, that we ought to change names."

"Why, indeed?"

"Because my name is Taylor, and my father was a mason, and your name is Mason, but your father was a tailor."

There was a scene then, but there was no help for it. The little Miss Taylor had the pleasure of saying a very cute thing, which was soon repeated in the ears of a dozen circles, and the wits wish- ed to see her, but the proud Miss Mason bit her lip in silence.

He is the best accountant who can keep count of his own errors.

From the Western Dispatch.

I WOULD NOT BE A HYOCRITE.

INSURED TO SOME PROFESSORS.

I would not be a hypocrite. For all the world contains. What I make a mockery of my God— And all for worldly gains? Shall I to man's opinion bow, And cringe to their good graces. By joining church, as many do, And making long, wry faces?

Shall I be like the Pharisee, Who prayeth long and loud, And let my heart be teeming o'er, With all that's vain and proud? Shall I the poor unfortunate Pass by with frown and sneer, While to the South Sea Islanders, In public, drop a tear?

Shall I oppress the fatherless— The widow's mite purloin— And still walk upright to the world, Concealing every wrong? Shall I by usury's iron rasp Bo a successful winner, Then groan, and wrestle with my God, To save some 'awful' sinner?

Not one of these. Far better, far, To very earth be trod By human power, and know we stand With conscience clear to God— To know that in our heart there dwells A fount of faith and love, Which leads us ever to rely And trust in him above.

LETTIE.

INDEPENDENCE, Mo., Jan. 19th, 1857.

BRINDISI.

The ladies are gone, boy But fill up the bowl; With the brightest of wine, boy, We'll deluge the soul; And since with their presence No longer we're blest, We'll drink from the glasses Their red lips have pressed. I've heard that whenever Small birds on the brink Of a clear Eastern fountain Swoop over and drink, That throat becomes sacred! Then sacred be this, Where the red lip of woman Hath imprinted a kiss.

THE OLD BACHELOR.

A bachelor sat at his blazing grate, And he felt into a snore, And he dreamed that o'er his wrinkled pate, Had been thrown the nuptial noose. A rosy boy came to his side, And bounded on his knee, And back from the beaming face he shook Fair curls in childish glee.

Then clear rang out his merry voice, He shouted aloud—"Papa, I don't love anybody else But you and dear mamma."

Oh, the bachelor's heart o'erran with joy, So long by love untold, And from its unseen depths poured out Affection infinite.

Out-stretching arms of strength unshorn, He hugged—his old tom cat, Which, as was wont, when master snoozed, Had leaped into his lap.

THE RANGER IN NEW ORLEANS.

The New York Sunday Times, relates a long tale in which Col. Jack Hays, our present U. S. Surveyor-General, and Ben Cullum, in the character of Rangers, are the heroes from which we make an ex- tract. Both met Col. Henderson, who enquiring the reason of their advent, re- ceives the following characteristic reply, with which commences the sketch.

"Oh, myself, and old Sam got on a spree at the Supreme Court, and he bet me one hundred dollars that I would not come; and so here I am!" was the char- acteristic answer.

"Well let us go in there and have a drink together," invited the captain point- ing towards an establishment on the next corner.

"Anywhere else but there," objected Henderson, earnestly.

"Why not there?" asked Hays in as- tonishment.

"Because that is the favorite resort of French Bill and his bullies, and they make it a point—a sort of standing jest—to insult every American who enters the door," urged the General.

"French Bill! I think I have heard that name before," remarked the Cap- tain.

"No doubt of that," returned the oth- er; "everybody has heard of the most famous duellist of the south, as dreadful with the pistol as with the sword, and the first one of his nation who ever shot with a double barreled shot gun and killed his foe ere he could touch the trigger."

"Did he not shoot Col. Marks, of Mo- bile?"

"Yes, and a score of others equally va- liant as well as skillful; and what seems still more singular, he has never received a scratch in any of his numerous bat- tles. His friends believe that he is charmed against lead and steel, like the great Napoleon."

"Well, we will find some other place, suggested Hays, "for I do not wish a difficulty with such a wild beast."

"But for my part, I intend to drink in that house, even if it should be the last sup which I might hope to taste," affirmed Ben Cullum, with a strange gleam in his burning blue eye.

In vain the General and Captain both remonstrated against such useless temer- ity. To all their arguments and entrea- ties the young man replied: "I would blush to my very bones, and never show my face in Texas again if I should do as you propose."

Seeing his unalterable determination, his companions exacted a promise of so-

cial forbearance and good behavior, and the three went on to the lion's den. On a large sign board, fronting the principal entrance, was written in enormous letters the name of the establishment "Jenny Lind Saloon, for Ladies and Gentlemen."

The small party of Texans marched up to the bar, and Ben Cullum in a courte- ous tone called for some brandy. As they touched their glasses, and glanced around the vast room where numbers were dining at different tables, they could not fail to notice the sensation which their advent had excited. All the visages were French, and from their dress and appearance; might have been supposed to belong to a genteel class. But all such indications in city life, are deceitful; and these men of gaudy fashion and perfumed whiskers ascend no higher in the scales of society than the grade of professional gamblers, or that of bullies and runners for disreputable houses. Some of them gazed upon the Texans with sighs of pity, others with startling wonder, but most with countenances of undisguised contempt.

"Let us have three dishes of fried oys- ters," said Cullum with smiling fea- tures, and he advanced to the center of the room, and seated himself by a table of mottled marble, picked up a newspaper and began to glance over the columns with the easy air of one who felt himself at home.

"Not there! You must not take that table exclusive the proprietor of the es- tablishment, in tones of unfeigned terror, rushing forward and indicating another position.

"But why should I not remain here?" asked the youth in a careless tone.

"Because that is the situation which French Bill always chooses, and I am ex- pecting him every moment," returned the proprietor trembling, and actually pale with apprehension.

"There is plenty of room for both of us," remarked the Texan, with unruffled equanimity.

"What! do you imagine that French Bill would eat at the same table with an American?" cried the other with a look of stupefaction, as if he doubted the evi- dence of his senses at such unaccountable audacity and presumption.

"It is a matter of perfect indifference to me whether your bully dines or not," said Ben, fixing his eyes again upon the newspaper.

"The fellow must be crazy!" mutter- ed bewildered proprietor, as he retreated behind the bar; as if to be out of the way when the impending explosion should take place. Indeed an ominous murmur arose from all parts of the hall. "The man is a fool," observed one. "He will cut his wisdom teeth before the day is an hour older," added another. "Won't Bill swear the very devil out of his den when he finds the night of the Mexican blanket in his arm chair?" exclaimed a third. "I would rather sit on the brink of a burning crater," affirmed a fourth.

The General and Captain both whis- pered to their friend to retire, but he re- fused even so much as to answer their request, and they moved to a different ta- ble, hoping that the duellist, when he should enter would regard the intrusion of a single stranger as merely accidental and pass it as such.

Soon a middle aged person, with gold spectacles on, approached the young ran- ger, and touching his rainbow blanket, enquired in a withering irony.

"My dear boy, will you pardon my curiosity, but is this pretty thing you wear really bullet proof?"

"You are welcome to try the experi- ment whenever you like," answered Ben in a calm voice.

"It will be tried quicker than you ex- pect," remarked the other turning to the counter for a glass of wine.

Presently several footsteps resounded at the door accompanied by a shout of boisterous laughter, and a score of vis- ages grew pale with agitation at the bare idea of the coming scene, as a general whisper announced, "There he is! God pity the poor Texan?" At that instant French Bill entered, and striding up to the bar, called for champagne and broiled chicken. Gen. Henderson and Captain Hays gazed upon the notorious duellist, and started in spite of their coolness and courage at the extraordinary cruel feroc- ity of his appearance. He was a man of herculean frame, and seemingly endowed with fabulous strength, if one might judge by his enormous breadth and bone, and the volumes of sinew about his joints, that looked like bundles of steel fibres from their firmness and elasticity. His countenance was concealed by a perfect jungle of black hair—all save the dagger like blazing dark eyes, and a long nose, crooked as the beak of an Eagle. When- ever the gaudy dress would allow it to be seen, the sable bristling hair showed itself all over him even to the ends of his fin- gers; in fine, he resembled a wild beast clothed in the costume of a Freethman.

The proprietor whispered somewhat in the ear of the savage, and ut- tering a half stifled cry of mingled aston- ishment and rage, he turned his eye to- wards the table where the younger set were reading, apparently in a state of profound abstraction. Murderous passion shook the quivering bosom of the bully like an electric storm, as he walked with a tread like that of an elephant across the floor, and seated himself opposite the intruder at his usual place. He then snatched the newspaper from the young man's hand, and glancing around at the spectators with a triumphant look, as much as to say—"You see how I insult him, and how he takes it."

Ben Cullum looked at him with a smile of imperturbable tranquility, but spoke not a word.

"What can he mean," muttered Hays, to Henderson; "I have never seen him before receive a voluntary wrong or insult so calmly."

French Bill jerked the Mexican blan- ket from the shoulders of the youth, and throwing it down, put his foot upon it, uttering at the same time a low chuckle, that sounded as hoarse as the laughter of a fiend! The ranger slightly colored, and gazed with the same singular smile into the eyes of the duellist, as if he would vanquish him by a look.

"Coward, villain!" suddenly shouted the bully; "if you have one spark of manhood in your poltroon heart, show us how they resent insults in Texas!"

Then, as quick as a flash of lightning from the thunder cloud, Ben Cullum bounded to his feet, and grasped French Bill's nose with one hand and his long black beard with the other, opened his jaws and discharged a volley of tobacco juice into his mouth, and immediately buried him upon the floor as easily as if he had been an infant. In a moment the duellist arose foaming at the lips, grinding his teeth and howling for the satisfaction of a gentleman.

"You shall have the satisfaction of a devil that you are," fulminated the ran- ger. "Let us cross the Lake, and settle the affair with bowie knives."

"Bowie knives!" repeated the French- man with a countenance of unmitigated horror. "Bowie knives are not weapons recognized by the code of honor."

"Bowie knives!" echoed the satellites of the Jenny Lind Saloon. "Bowie knives are the weapons of savages."

"Are they indeed!" exclaimed Cul- lum with a terrible laugh, "then this is the right sort of a crowd to try their steel," and he drew from his bosom a glittering blade nearly two feet in length and rushed towards the foe. But none of them thought it advisable to wait the result of the experiment. With pale lips and frightened cries, the entire throng took to their heels, French Bill leading the rout, and calling for the police in horrified accents.

From that day the bullies and gamblers of the Crescent City have manifested the utmost respect for the rainbow tints of the Mexican blanket.

The Original Nicaraguans.

The Nicaraguans are supposed to have been a people of Mexican origin, driven southward by a great drought. Their language and mode of writing were simi- lar to that of Mexico; their religion dif- fered slightly, their architecture was more simple; they had a rough form of social polity; and their customs were in one respect unique. A young Nicaraguan beauty would have many favored lovers; but after a time, bethinking her that it would be well to marry and settle, she would ask her father to give her a por- tion of land near to where he lived.—When he had appointed what land she should have, she would call her lovers to- gether and tell them she wished to mar- ry, and take one of them as her husband; that she did not possess a house, but that they would build her one on the land which the father had given. The prudent damsel did not hesitate to enter into de- tails as to the kind of a house she wished to have built, and that, if they loved her well, the house would be built by such a day, giving them a month or six weeks to complete it in. To one she would give the chance of furnishing the wood work; to another, to find the canes which were to form the walls; to another, to provide the cordage; to another, to gather the straw for the roof; to another, to procure the dried fish to stock the house; to an- other, to get deer and pigs for her; an- other, to collect maize.

The work was usually put in hand with the utmost promptitude, nor was the least thing dispensed with that she had asked for. At last the house was ready. The provisions and the furniture were put in it, and the hearts of the over-worked competitors beat rapidly as the fortunate or fatal moment approached. A solemn feast was held in the new house. When supper was concluded, the damsel rose, and made a short but gracious speech.—She first thanked them all heartily for the labor they had undergone on her behalf. She then said, that she wished it was in her power to make so many women as to provide a wife for each of her suitors. In times past they had seen what a loving mistress she had been to each of them; but now she was going to be married, and to belong to one alone.—and this is the one she said; whereupon she took the chosen suitor by the hand, and retired from the apartment. Her choice having been declared, the disappointed suitors and their respective factions went away amicably, and concluded the feast by dancing and drinking, until the senses of most of them were overcome. The re- jected suitors, after that day, could never hope for a smile from the bride. Gener- ally bore their disappointment with meek- ness; but sometimes one or two of them, probably in a state of ambrosial delirium, committed suicide, and were found next morning hanging on a tree, in the neigh- borhood of the palace of love, built partly by their hands.—Reply.

LOOK OUT.—When a stranger offers to sell an article for half its value, look out. When a note becomes due at bank and you don't happen to have the necessary funds on hand to meet it, look out. When a lady has "turned the first corner," and sees no connubial prospect ahead, it is quite natural that she should look out.—When you find a man doing more busi- ness than you are, and you want to know the reason, look at the advertisements he has in the newspapers, and look out.

LITTERS FOR HORSES AND CATTLE.—Have any of our readers used chaff for litter in their stables? If they have not, I would recommend them to try it once. It has many advantages over straw. It is a much better absorbent of liquid manure, is more easily thrown out of the stall, and makes better handling in the manure heap. Try it.

A KING GUARDED BY FEMALES.

The Moniteur de l'Armée publishes some curious details relative to the army of the King of Siam. One corps particu- larly attracts the attention of strangers, which is a battalion of the King's Guard composed of women. This battalion con- sists of 400 women, chosen among the handsomest and most robust girls of the country. They receive excellent pay and their discipline is perfect. They are admitted to serve at the age of thirteen, and are placed in the army of reserve at the age of twenty-five. From that pe- riod they are no longer permitted to serve about the King's person, but are reserved to guard about the royal palaces and crowned lands.

On entering the King's army they make a vow of chastity from which there is no exemption unless any of them should attract the King's attention and be admitted among his legitimate wives. The King's choice seldom falls on the most beautiful, but on the most skilled in the military exercises. The hope for such a reward animates them with extra- ordinary zeal for military instructions, and Europeans are astonished at the mar- tial appearance of that battalion as well as its skill in manoeuvring and its ex- cellent discipline.

The costume these women wear is ve- ry rich. Their full dress is composed of a white woolen robe, embroidered with gold. The cloth is extremely fine and descends as far as the knee; it is covered with a light coat of mail and a gay cuir- rass. The arms are free and the head covered with a quilt casque. When wear- ing this dress on state occasions, their on- ly weapon is a lance, which they handle with wonderful dexterity. With their undress they are armed with a musket. The battalion is composed of four com- panies, and each company of one hundred women, commanded by a captain of their sex.

Should the captain die, the company is drilled for three days by the King, who appoints the most competent to the com- mand. The battalion has been command- ed for the last five years by a woman who saved the King's life at a tiger hunt by her courage and skill. She possesses great influence at court and is much re- spected by those under her command. She has the same establishment as a member of the royal family and ten ele- phants are placed at her service. The King never undertakes any expedition without being accompanied by his fe- male guard, nor does he ever hunt or even ride out without an escort of the same guard, who are devotedly attach- ed to his person.

Each individual of the battalion has five negroes attached to her service; and having thus no domestic occupation, she can devote herself to the duties of her profession. There is a parade-ground near the city, where one company is sta- tioned two days every week to exercise themselves with the lance, the pistol, the musket and the rifle. The King attends once a month at those exercises, accom- panied by his brother, who shares in some degree, the sovereign power, and distributes prizes to those most deserving. These rewards consist of bracelets or oth- er valuable jewelry, to which the girls and their families attach great importance. Those so honored fill the office of ser- geant and corporal.

LARGE SHIPMENT OF CATTLE FROM ENGLAND TO THE UNITED STATES.—An exten- sive and valuable consignment of breed- ing stock was shipped on Wednesday, for Philadelphia, in the ship "George," Capt. Maclean. The stock comprised 32 head of short-horned cattle, 3 valuable horses, 25 sheep and 25 pigs. All the animals are of the best breeds, and have been selected without regard to expense, in England, Ireland and Scotland. The selection devolved on Dr. Johns, Captain Brown and Mr. Jacoby, who were sent over here by the Illinois Cattle Importing Association. The cattle are to be distrib- uted exclusively in the State of Illinois, with a view to the improvement of the breeds in that State by crosses with the best blood to be obtained in this country. In proof of the value of high-bred English cattle in the United States, it may be mentioned that 250 guineas was paid for one two year old heifer, and that the cost of the 85 animals, including their freight and provision to the port of destination, will not be far short of £8,000. The horses are from celebrated stables, and most of the cattle have taken prizes at the various agricultural shows. The shipment is, in fact, the most valuable ever sent from this port. Excellent ar- rangements have been made in the vessel for the safe keeping of the stock during the voyage, and in order that they may arrive at their destination in good condi- tion. This department was under the direction of Mr. Bell, of the Adelphi sta- bles, who displayed his usual skill and judgement in making the necessary ar- rangements for the shipment.

An Extraordinary Hypocrite.

Jackson, who was murdered in Russell, Mass., by Charles Jones, was taken to Hartford, Conn., for burial in the Hebrew fashion. The Hartford times says: "Jones, the murderer, was a Millerite, and the same who has just served out four years in the Connecticut State prison for robbing John Dean's store. He was the coolest scoundrel that ever infested this city. He professed great concern for the souls of sinners, and was constant- ly reading the bible and exhorting at evening meetings. While in the confi- dence of Mr. Dean, he stole about two- thousand dollars worth of goods from his store, together with considerable sums of money. He stole the silk to make him a surplice to preach in—stole a church at Glastenbury—stole the trimmings for his pulpit, and velvet for his chair, and also stole goods to pay the cabinet maker

for the chair; broke into a Catholic Church and stole the priest's robe for a sample for one himself, and also stole the silver chalice, etc., from the altar—called at Mr. Dean's one evening to have a little season of prayer, remained until evening, bade the family good bye, but instead of going out of the door, he stole up stairs and secreted himself under the bed occupied by Mr. Dean's son, remain- ing there until past midnight, when he crept out and robbed young Dean's pocket of \$190; (which he had ascertained the day previous that he had just procured from the bank.) Then went to St. John's Hotel, got up before day, stole a suit of clothes from a boarder and clear- ed for a neighboring town. But this is not half his villanies. He was constantly stealing, praying and exhorting till brought up by a four year's term in pris- on."

MORE FACTS FOR LOVERS OF THE AN- DENT.

Dr. Hiram Cox, Chemical Inspector of liquors for Hamilton county, Ohio, it seems is still prosecuting his investiga- tions, and recently wrote a letter to one of the Cincinnati papers, the contempla- tion of which must be a pleasant business to those occasionally indulging in a little "pure liquor." He says he was not long since invited to take a drink in one of the most fashionable and popular drinking places in that city, and having some test paper in his pocket, before drinking he concluded to test its purity, and, in the presence of his friends, dipped in a small quantity which he had poured out in a glass, and it had no sooner touched the paper than it turned from a beautiful blue to a scarlet red. This scarlet red, he says, he has generally found, when he had an opportunity for investigation, to be Sulphuric Acid or Oil of Vitriol. Such he declares is the character of a great deal of liquor now on sale. He says, also, that he recently inspected samples of the entire distilled or light liquors of a con- siderable store in that city, and of ten different articles of liquor in the store he found but two to be what their names imported. In some he found by ap- plying the various chemical tests, Prussic Acid, Sulphuric Acid, Nitric Acid, Acetic Acid, &c., while in others he found Chloroform, Pepper, Sulphuric Acid, Copper in great abundance, and in one Strychnine; highly flavored and high per centage Brandy, with one or the other of the above poisonous drugs, and indeed several of them, and not one character- istic of Brandy; and Corn Whiskey with abundance of Fusil Oil, as a basis with the above articles added.

MORALITY OF AN ENGLISH EARL.—The

Earl of Oxford is not "an Evangelical," that is certain. In reply to an applica- tion of the Secretary of the Norwich (Eng.) Bible Society, that he would pre- side at their late annual meeting, the Earl wrote as follows: "Sir:—I am surprised and annoyed at the contents of your letter; surprised be- cause my well known character